



# DANNY'S OWN STORY

By DON MARQUIS

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**PROLOGUE.**

"Stand up, Danny, and take your place 'longside of Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer and Plucky Shute and the other real boys we've read about." That's what you feel like saying when you read this story of Danny. He's Huck Finn over again, with modern improvements, and his daddy, who has written Danny's own story in Danny's own words, gets a place at the side of Mark Twain. Besides Danny, there are some real live people in this story—enough of them to make good reading matter for half a dozen books. No one can tell you how good "Danny's Own Story" is. You have to read it for yourself to get the delicious flavor of the humor and pathos and tragedy, the essence of life, that is cooked into every page.

**CHAPTER I.**  
In the Cistern.

HOW I came not to have a last name is a question that has always had more or less aggrivation mixed up with it. I might of had one just as well as not if Old Hank Walters hadn't been so all-fired infernal bullheaded about things in general, and his wife Elmira a blame-sight worse, and both of 'em ready to row at a minute's notice and stick to it forevermore.

Hank, he was considerable of a lusher. One Saturday night, when he come home from the village in his usual fix, he stumbled over a basket that was setting on his front steps. Then he got up, and drew back his foot unsteady to kick it plumb into kingdom come. Just then he heard Elmira opening the door behind him, and he turned his head sudden. But the kick was already started into the air, and when he turns he can't stop it. And so Hank gets twisted and falls down and steps on himself. That has set him off a howl.

"It's kittens," says Hank, still setting down and staring at that there basket. All at which, you understand, I am a telling you from hearsay, as the lawyers always asks you in court.

Elmira, she shines out: "Kittens, nothing! It's a baby!" And she opens the basket and looks in and it was me.

"Henrietta Walters," she says, picking me up and shaking me at him like I was a crime—"Henrietta Walters, where did you get this here baby?" She always calls him Henrietta when she is getting ready to give him fits.

Hank, he scratches his head, for she's kind of confounded, and thinks meebly he really has brought this basket with him. He tries to think of all the places he has been that night. But he can't think of any place but Bill Nolan's saloon. So he says:

"Elmira, honest, I ain't had but one drink all day. And then he kind of rouses up a little bit and says:

"That a baby you got there, Elmira?" And then he says, identical: "So far as that's concerned, Elmira, where did you get that there baby?" She looks at him, and she sees he don't really know where I come from. Old Hank mostly was truthful when he talked up, for that matter, and she knewed it, for he couldn't think up no lies excepting a general denial when intoxicated up to the gills.

Elmira looks into the basket. They was one of them long rubber tubes sticking out of a bottle that was in it, and I had been sucking that bottle when interrupted. And they wasn't nothing else in that basket but a big thick shawl which had been wrapped all around me, and Elmira often wore it to meeting afterward. She goes inside and she looks at the bottle and me by the light, and Old Hank, he comes stumbling in afterward and sets down in a chair and waits to get Bill Columbus for coming home in that shape, so's he can row back again, like they done every Saturday night.

Blowed in the glass of the bottle was the name, "Daniel, Dunne and Company." Anybody but them two old ignoramuses could of told right off that that didn't have nothing to do with me, but was just the company that made them kind of bottles. But she reads it out loud three or four times, and then she says:

"His name is Daniel Dunne," she says.

"And Company," says Hank, feeling right quarrelsome.

"Company ain't no name," says she. "Why ain't it, I'd like to know?" says Hank. "I knowed a man once whose name was Farmer, and if a farmer's a name why ain't company a name too?"

"His name is Daniel Dunne," says Elmira, quietlike, but not dodging a row, neither.

"And Company," says Hank getting on to his feet, like he always done when he seen trouble coming. When Old Hank was full of licker he knowed just the ways to aggravate her the worst.

She might of banged him one the same as usual and got her own eye blacked also, the same as usual, but jest then I lets out another big howl, and she gives me some milk.

I guess the only reason they ever kept me at that was so they could quarrel about my name. They'd lived together a good many years and quarreled about everything else under the sun and was running out of subjects. A new subject kind of bristled things up fur awhile.

"But, dually they went too far with it one time. I was about two years old then, and he was still calling me Company, and he was chiding me Duane. This time he lifts her a lick that lays her out and likes to kill her, and it gets him scared. But she gets around again after awhile, and they both see it has went too far that time, and so they makes up.

"Elmira, I give in," says Hank. "His name is Daniel."

"No," says she tender like. "You was right, Hank. His name is Company." So they pretty near got into another row over that. But they finally made it up between 'em I didn't have no last name, and they'd jest call the kidny, which they both done faithful ever after, as agreed.

Old Hank, he was a blacksmith, and he used to jam me considerable, him and his wife, not having any kids of their own to lick. He named me when he was drunk, and he whaled me when he was sober. I never felt it up agin him much neither, nor for a good many years, because he got me used to it young, and I hadn't never knowed nothing else. Hank's wife, Elmira, she used to lick him jest about as often as he licked her and boss him jest as much. So he fell back on me. A man has jest naturally got to have something to cuss around and boss so's to keep himself from finding out he don't amount to nothing. Leastways most 'em is like that. And Hank, he didn't amount to much, and he kind of knowed it way down deep in his inmost gizzards, and it were a comfort to him to have me around.

But they was one thing he never sot no store by, and I got along now to where I hold that up agin him, more'n all the lickings he ever done. That was book learning. He never had none himself, and he was sot agin it, and he never made me get none, and if I'd ever asked him for my head of whaled me for that. Hank's wife, Elmira, had married beneath her, and everybody in our town had come to see it and used to sympathize with her about it when Hank wasn't around. She'd tell 'em yes, it was so. Back to Elmira, N. Y., from where her father and mother come to our part of Illinois in the early days, her father had kep' a hotel, and they was stylish kind of folks. When she was born her mother was homesick for all that style and fur York state ways, and so she named her Elmira.

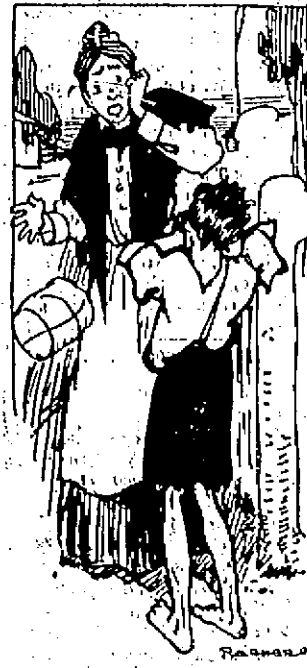
But when she married Hank he had considerable land. His father had left it to him, but it was all swamp land, and so, Hank's father, he banded more'n he farmed, and Hank and his brothers done the same when he was a boy. But Hank, he learned a little blacksmithing when he was growing up, 'cause he liked to tinker around, and to show how smart he was. Then when he married Elmira Appleton he had to go to work practicing that profession regular, because he never learnt nothing about farming. He'd sell fifteen or twenty acres every now and then, and they'd be big times till he'd spent it up, and meebly Elmira would get some new clothes.

But when I was found on the doorstep the land was all gone, and Hank was practicing regular, when not busy cussing out the fellows that had bought the land. For some smart fellows had come along and bought up all that swamp land and dreeped it, and now it was worth seventy or eighty dollars an acre. Hank, he figured some one had cheated him. Which the Walterses could of dreeped theirn, too, only they'd rather butt docks and have fish fry than to dig ditches. All of which I heard Elmira talking over with the neighbors more'n once when I was growing up, and they all says, "How sad it is you have come to this, Elmira!" And then she'd kind of spunk up and say, thanks to glory, she'd kep' her pride.

Well, they was worse places to live in than that there little town, even if they wasn't no railroad within eight miles and only 800 poles in the hull copperation. Which Hank's shop and bar house set in the edge of the woods just outside the copperation line, so's the city marshal didn't have no authority to arrest him after he crossed it.

They was one thing in that house I always admired when I was a kid. And that was a big cistern. Most people has their cisterns outside their house, and they is a tin pipe takes all the rain water off the roof and scoots it into them. Ours worked the same, but our cistern was right in under our kitchen door, and they was a trap door with leather hinges opened into it right by the kitchen stove. But that wasn't why I was so proud of it. It was because that cistern was jest plumb full of fish—bassheads and red horse and smelt and other kinds.

Hank's father had kep' that cistern. And one time he being home some live fish in a bucket and dumped 'em in there. And they growed. And they multiplied in there and reformed the earth. So that cistern had got to be a family custom, which was kep' up in that family for a habit. It was a great comfort to Hank, for all them Walterses was great fish eaters, though it never went to brains. We fed 'em now and then, and throwed back in the little ones till they was growed, and kep' the dead ones picked out soon's we smelted anything wrong, and it never hurt the water none, and when I was a kid I wouldn't of took anything fur living in a house like that.



Qucet, when I was a kid about six years old, Hank come home from the barroom. He got to chasing Elmira's cat, 'cause he says it was making faces at him. The cistern door was open, and Hank fell in. Elmira was over to town, and I was scared. She had always told me not to fool around there none when I was a little kid, fur if I fell in there I'd be a corpse quick-er'n scatt.

"So when Hank fell in and I bearn him up, being only a little feller and awful scared because Elmira had the earth. So that cistern had got to be a family custom, which was kep' up in that family for a habit. It was a great comfort to Hank, for all them Walterses was great fish eaters, though it never went to brains. We fed 'em now and then, and throwed back in the little ones till they was growed, and kep' the dead ones picked out soon's we smelted anything wrong, and it never hurt the water none, and when I was a kid I wouldn't of took anything fur living in a house like that.

When they found out Hank had come home with licker in him and done it himself they was all excited, and they all crowds around and asks me how, except two as is holding on to Elmira's hands, which sets meaning in a chair. And they all asks me questions as to what I seen him do, which if they hadn't I wouldn't have told 'em the lies I did. But they asked me on to it.

Says one woman, "Danny, you seen him do it in the blacksmith shop?"

I nodded.

"But how did he get in?" slugs out another woman. "The door was locked on the outside with a padlock jest now when I come by. He couldn't of killed himself in there and locked the door on the outside."

I didn't see how he could of done that myself, so I begun to bawl agin and said nothing at all.

"He must of crawled through that little side window," says another one. "It was open when I come by. If the door was locked, did you see him crawl through the little side window, Danny?"

I nodded. They wasn't nothing else fur me to do.

"But you hadn't tall enough to look through that there window," says another one to me. "How could you see into that shop, Danny?"

I didn't know, so I didn't say nothing at all. I jest snifled.

"They is a store box right in under that window," says another one. "Danny must have clumb on to that store box and looked in after he seen Hank come down the road and crawl through the window. Did you scramble on to the store box and look in, Danny?"

I jest nodded agin.

"And what was it you seen him do? How did he kill himself?" they all asks to oucet.

I didn't know. So I jest bellers and boobos some more. Things was getting past anything I could see the way out of.

"He might of hung himself to one of the iron rings in the lists above the forge," says another woman. "He clumb on to the forge to tie the rope to one of them rings, and he tied the other end around his neck, and then he stepped off'n the forge. Was that how he done it, Danny?"

I nodded. And then I bellered louder than ever. I knowed Hank was down in that there cistern, a corpse, and a mighty wet corpse, all this time, but they kind of got me thinking meebly he was hanging out in the shop by the forge too. And I guessed I'd better stick to the shop story, not wanting to say nothing about that cistern no sooner'n I could help it.

Pretty soon one woman says, kind of shivery:

"I don't want to have the job of opening the door of that blacksmith shop the first one!"

**CHAPTER II.**  
Out of the Cistern.

AND they all kind of shivered then and looked at Elmira. They says to let some of the men open it. And Miss Alexander, she says she'll run home and tell her husband right off.

And all the time Elmira is moaning in that chair. One woman says Elmira order have a cup o' tea, which she'll lay off her bonnet and go to the kitchen and make it fur her. But Elmira says no, she can't a-bear to think of tea, with poor Henneray hanging out there in the shop. But she was kind of enjoying all that fuss being made over her too. And all the other women says:

"Poor thing!" But all the same they was mad she said she didn't want any tea, for they all wanted some and didn't feel free without she took it too. Which she said she would, after they'd coaxed awhile and made her see her duty.

So they all goes out to the kitchen, bringing along some of the best room chairs. Elmira coming, too, and me tagging along behind. And the first thing they noticed was them fatted on top of the cistern door. Miss Primrose, she says that looks funny. But another woman speaks up and says Danny must of been playing with them while Elmira was over town. She says, "Was you playing they was horses."

anyhow. When I was a kid I rowed always bet on that. So they picks up the fatted, and as they picks 'em up they come a splashing noise in the cistern. I thinks to myself, Hank's corpse'll be out of there in a minute. One woman, she says:

"Goodness, gracious, snakes alive! What's that, Elmira?"

Elmira says that cistern is mighty full of dab, and they is some great big ones in there, and it must be some of them a-dopping around, which if they hadn't of been all worked up and talking all to oucet and all thinking of Hank's body hanging out there in the blacksmith shop they might of a-supploded something, for that dopping kep' up steady and a lot of splashing too. I meebly order mentioned it sooner it had been a dry summer, and they was only three or four feet of water in our cistern, and Hank wasn't in a screech up to his big billy chest. So when Elmira says the cistern is full of dab that woman opens the trap door and looks in. Hank thinks it's Elmira come to get him out. He allows he'll keep quiet in there and make believe he's drowned and give her a good scare and make her sorry for him. But when the cistern door is opened he hears a lot of clanking tongues all of a sudden like they was a hen convention on. He allows she has told some of the neighbors, and he'll scare them, too. So Hank, he laid low. And the woman as looks in sees nothing, for it's as dark down there as the inside of the whole what wallered Noah. But she leaves the door open and goes on a smoking tea, and they ain't scarcely a sound from that cistern, only little ripples noise like it might have been dab.

Pretty soon a woman says:

"It has drawn, Elmira. Won't you have a cup?"

Elmira she kicked some more, but she took her. And each woman took her. And one woman, a-sipping of beer, she says:

"The departed had his good points, Elmira."

Which was the best thing had been said of Hank in that town fur years and years.

Old Miss Primrose, she always peddled herself by being honest, no matter what come, and she ups and says:

"I don't believe in no hippocrisies at a time like this, no more'n no other time. The departed wasn't no good, and the hull town knowed it, and Elmira order feel like it's good riddance of had rubbish and them is my sentiments and the sentiments of rightfulness."

All the other women slugs out:

"Why, Miss Primrose, I nor!" And they seemed awful shocked. But down in underneath more of 'em agreed than let on. Elmira she wiped her eyes and said:

"Henneray and me has had our troubles. They ain't any use in denying that, Miss Primrose. It has often been giro and take between us and betwixt us. And the hull town knows he has lifted his hand agin me more'n once. But I always stood up to Henneray, and I sit him back, free and fair and open. I give him as good as he sent on this here earth, and I ain't the one to carry no amercousities beyond the grave. I forgive Hank all the onerousness he done me, and they was a lot of it, as is becoming unto a church member, which he never was."

And all the women but Miss Primrose, they says:

"Elmira Appleton, you have got a Christian spirit!" Which done her a heap of good, and she cried considerable harder, looking out tears as fast as she poured tea in. Each one on 'em tries to find out something good to say about Hank, only they wasn't much they could say. And Hank in that there cistern a-listening to every word of it.

Miss Rogers, she says:

"Afore he took to drinking like a fish Hank Walters was as likely looking a young feller as I ever see."

Miss White, she says:

"Well, Hank he never was a stinky man, nobow. Often and often White has told me about seeing Hank, after he'd sold a piece of land, treating the hull town down in Nolan's barroom, jest as come easy, go easy as if it wasn't money he'd order paid his honest debts with."

By and by Tom Alexander come busting into the house, and his wife, Miss Alexander, was with him.

"What's the matter with all you folks?" he says. "They ain't nobody hanging in that there blacksmith shop. I broke the door down and went in, and it was empty."

Then they was a pretty howdy do, and they all slugs out:

"Where's the corpse?"

I thinks that lamming is about due now. But whilst all eyes is turned on me and Elmira they comes a voice from that cistern. It is Hank's voice, and he slugs out:

"Tom Alexander, is that you?"

Some of the women scream, for some thinks it is Hank's ghost. But one woman says what would a ghost be doing in a cistern?

Tom Alexander, he laughs and he says:

"What in blazes you want to jump in there fur, Hank?"

"You dern jolt!" says Hank, "you quit mocking me and get a ladder, and when I get out'n here I'll learn you to ask what did I want to jump in here fur!"

"You never seen the day you could do it?" says Tom Alexander, meaning the day he could lick him. "And if you feel that way about it you can stay there fur all of me. I guess a little water won't hurt you none." And he left the house.

"Elmira," slugs out Hank, mad and bossy, "you go get me a ladder!" But Elmira, her temper riz up, too, all of a sudden.

"Don't you dare order me around like I was the dirt under your feet, Henneray Walters," she says.

At that Hank fairly roared, he was so mad. He says:

"Elmira, when I get out'n here I'll give you what you want fur all of a hurry I bearn you a-forgiving me and a-weeping over me, and I won't be forgive nor weeped over by no one!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
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8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
7.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
8.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.	12.45 p.m.	2.50 p.m.
9.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.45 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	2.00 p.m.	2.45 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
11.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.50 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	8.50 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	10.50 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.	11.50 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	12.50 p.m.
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**The Mercury.**  
Newport, R. I.  
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**Saturday, June 28, 1913.**

Several Democratic senators say they are not in favor of free trade, but that they will support their party rather than vote their convictions.

It is said if the Wilson currency bill becomes a law, the big banks in New York, like the National City Bank, will give up the National and take out State charters.

It is said that the Democrats of Massachusetts are calling about for anybody to beat Foss, and that the Democratic State Committee have selected Mayor Fitzgerald as the man.

An Anti-American Youth's Association in Tokyo, Japan, has adopted resolutions for immediate war with us. In Japan, too, there are young men, not knowing what war is, but very willing to find out.

Henry Ford, the biggest automobile maker in the country, says that within a few years the cost of manufacturing automobiles will be so reduced that it will be possible to buy one for between \$200 and \$300, not an old car but one just out of the factory. That will be fine.

The President certainly has his hands full just now. He is trying to force a free trade bill, an income tax bill and a currency bill through Congress at a special session. It looks queer as though some of his cakes would burn before he gets them all out of the political oven.

A Massachusetts newspaper says: Very little is heard of Theodore Roosevelt in Wall Street nowadays except that money and Perkins have quit as his financial backers. It is said that the Bull Moose party is stronger in Massachusetts than anywhere else in the United States.

South Carolina seems to be again in rebellion. With Tillman, Blease & Co. at the helm it is not to be wondered at. Just now Governor Blease refuses to conform to the law in regard to the National Guard. Consequently all Government aid is withheld from the militia of that State.

The Democrats are following Roosevelt in one particular. They propose to encourage marriage. In the income tax bill a single man is to be taxed on his income over \$3000, while a married man goes free to \$4000. If he has minor children he is allowed \$500 more untaxed income for each, provided he doesn't have too many.

According to the Democratic Senatorial caucus a high priced automobile is a luxury, while a low priced one is a necessity. An automobile worth over \$1500 is to be taxed at a higher rate than one of lesser value. That is on the ground that luxuries shall be taxed high and necessities low. Moral: buy a low priced machine.

High Finance is having some uneasy thoughts of the President. The unexpected veto of the sundry civil bill, could no doubt cause it to take him to its arms in earnest—Boston News Bureau.

Unfortunately, he did not veto it. The influence of the Union in the Democratic party is too great for a Democratic President to withstand.

It is pretty evident that Secretary of the Navy Daniels likes Newport, and will favor doing all he can to make this an important naval base. In this the Secretary shows good sense. There is no other place on the entire Atlantic coast so well adapted for a naval base as in Narragansett Bay. In fact it is the only place where there is water enough to float some of the new dreadnoughts that we are building.

Governor Foss of Massachusetts thinks that strikes are rapidly going out of date, and that we have passed the zenith of our labor troubles. Let us hope he is correct. Still, he has a small strike on his hands in his Sturtevant Blower Works. He says he is willing to give his workmen just as long a vacation as they desire and when they get ready to go to work they will go back at the old terms.

Governor Sulzer of New York is having much trouble with a rebellious legislature. He demanded that the Assembly pass a direct primary bill at its regular session. This they declined to do by a vote of 47 to 93. The Governor called them together again and made a second attempt to force the bill through. This time the Assembly said no by a vote of 51 to 92. Some headway for the Governor but not enough to secure a direct primary this year.

The President's plea to Congress which was read before the two bodies on Monday with a great deal of ceremony is the weakest of any of his propositions thus far. He advances no argument. In fact he attempts none. He devotes his time telling Congressmen what the Democratic party under his leadership is going to do for the dear people by killing the manufacturer and opening up the country to the importer of foreign goods. In order to make this movement successful the merchant must have more money. His plea therefore is that Congress pass his currency bill, and then this new freedom will be complete.

**Beef Trust in Foreign Lands.**

Some time ago it was stated that the American beef packers had secured, or were about to secure, a complete monopoly of the marketing of Argentine beef as they have of that in the United States. This monopoly is of the supply, no matter to what market it is sent. There seems to have been much truth in the report, judging from the recent news from Argentina. Six of the chilled beef companies which ship to the British market have notified the Argentine Government that they will have to quit business unless the plans of the American beef trust are negated. They say that it is the purpose of the trust to sell Argentine beef on the British market for less than cost until they have killed all competition. What would happen after that time is easy to prophesy.

The companies ask the government to interfere, that competition be preserved and a monopoly prevented, a monopoly which would cut down the price to Argentine stock growers, while not lowering prices of export beef. Argentina is likely to take action that would be more drastic and effective than any that could be taken under like circumstances by this country. Such action has already been taken by Australia, which has blocked the trust in its effort to secure control of the Australian production, and become the dictator of the world in the meat market. Australia is regulating the shipment of meat, and is building the largest packing house in the world.

Both of those countries have taken warning from the experience of the United States. They have seen our government struggle unsuccessfully for years to break down the monopoly of the beef trust. This is the reason for such a general demand for putting meat on the free list, as an effort to compete with the beef trust by importing meat. This effort was anticipated by the trust itself, and was the reason why the trust entered the Australian and Argentine fields, to get possession of the business and prevent competition. Blocked in Australia, the trust seems to be making progress in Argentina, and can only be stopped by government action, as the complaint of the independent companies indicates. What action the Argentine Government can or will take American consumers have not the knowledge to anticipate, but that it will be effective to permit Argentine beef to enter the United States in competition with the trust controlled beef they unanimously hope. Otherwise we shall be left only the competition of Australian meat to keep the butcher bill down to reasonable size.

**More or Less Correct.**

A Boston Exchange contains the following: The building of the Cape Cod Canal by August Belmont is a good proof of persistence of hereditaries in pigskin estate. During the colonial period Sir Edmund Freeman was seven times assistant governor of Sandwich, Mass., and the region of Cape Cod. Sir Edmund had a son who married a Perry. His brother married the daughter of Sir Edmund. From these marriages came Christopher and Raymond Perry, and Gen. Nathaniel Greene of the Revolution. Thence came also the brothers Oliver Hazard Perry, and Matthew Calbraith Perry, of whom the one won the battle of Lake Erie, and the other opened Japan to the world. Matthew Calbraith Perry was grandfather of August Belmont. The grandson of the man who forced open the trade of a great nation is now opening a way of speed and safety for some of the shipping of the world.

The canal has a second heredity of similar interest. Commodore J. W. Miller, vice-president of the Cape Cod Construction Co., of which Mr. Belmont is president, is the grandson of George P. McCulloch, builder of the Morris canal. The father of Commodore Miller was United States senator from New Jersey, and was interested in canal problems of that State.

Officers of some of the largest national banks of New York claim that should the currency bill be enacted into law in its present shape no course would be left open to their banks except to withdraw entirely from the national banking system and take out charters under state laws. This would be unfortunate, but it will be another step showing the incompetency of the present administration. Wilson may be a good schoolmaster but he has yet to prove himself a good manager of a great nation.

While the vote of 100,000 trainmen on 54 eastern railroads will not be commuted to the railroads until July 1, it was stated Friday that a majority have declared for a general strike. This would seem to be a very foolish move on the part of the trainmen. If this demand for increased wages keeps on many railroads will be in receivers hands within a short time.

The Massachusetts great and general court which has just adjourned since die is said to have been the worst one the old Bay State ever had. Massachusetts is not alone in that respect. The same cry has gone up all over the country. When shall we have any better?

This is an era of investigation and the member of Congress in the dominant party is a pretty poor sick who cannot get on to some investigating committee. The last thing to date to demand an investigation is the base ball league. What next?

**Pres. Taft's Army Views.**

Ex-President Taft has been commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States, secretary of war, and governor general of the Philippines, so that his contact with military affairs has been considerable. In his Yale lectures he has just said some things on the subject that should be given due weight. That he is well disposed toward peace and the principles of international arbitration is a fact long established, but he says he is not a diehard or wild enthusiast in the matter. His remarks on the subject of volunteer armies are especially worthy of thought. The record of American volunteers is brilliant beyond comparison in the history of citizenships suddenly summoned to be soldiers. Our volunteers could not be surpassed for courage, patriotism, and quick adaptation. But Mr. Taft says the national laws relating to them are antiquated. If called to the field again their officers would be appointed by the governors of forty-eight states, and political obligations in some cases would outbalance military efficiency.

The regular army might, legally be 100,000 strong, but it is much smaller. About 120,000 officers and men are in the National Guard. This is the extent of the trained force immediately available. Mr. Taft points out that we went into the war of 1812 with England with 6000 men, but found it necessary to enlist 500,000 before peace returned. During the conflict the Capitol at Washington was burned by a hostile army, a deep humiliation and also a warning that can never be forgotten. This country should have an army organization that would, beyond any possible doubt, insure capable leadership for the volunteers when next called out. This is a matter of preliminary training. If governors continue to appoint officers they should look well to their National Guard as the school of practice. Quite a number of states make a poor showing in their militia organization, and but few are anywhere near the proper mark in this respect. When two nations disagree seriously it takes two to keep the peace. The one least disposed to fight need not expect that the limits it would like to set can be maintained. Preparedness is a mighty important word in the lexicon of modern nations.

**Brakes Not at Fault.**

In the unfortunate accident at Stamford, Conn., on the New Haven road on June 12, when one train crashed into the rear end of another one, the claim was made that the fault was due to imperfect brakes. A committee of experts representing many different railroads was called to test the engine in question and the brakes. They gave the severest test possible and their unanimous report is as follows: "The result of the running tests made by the committee showed conclusively that the brake on the locomotive was in first-class condition."

Based upon our experience in train brake operation and brake tests and the inspection and tests of the brake equipment on the locomotive and cars which made up the second section of train 63 on June 12, 1913, we are unanimous in the conclusion that the brakes on the locomotive and cars in question were in good serviceable condition at the time of the accident, and in every way capable of stopping the train short of the home signal at Stamford from a speed approximating those from which the stops were made, with the train in the road state on June 12th, 1913.

**Going Some.**

California has steam up and is going some in other lines than in the hurry to legislate ahead of the land. April registration records for motor vehicles show that residents spent during April \$7,588,000, or at the rate of \$233,200 a day, for motor cars, amounting 3793. This distance all previous records in the automobile business for that state. Evidently the big issue of good roads, bonds which the different counties and cities have authorized in the past few years are making the state the paradise of speedsters.

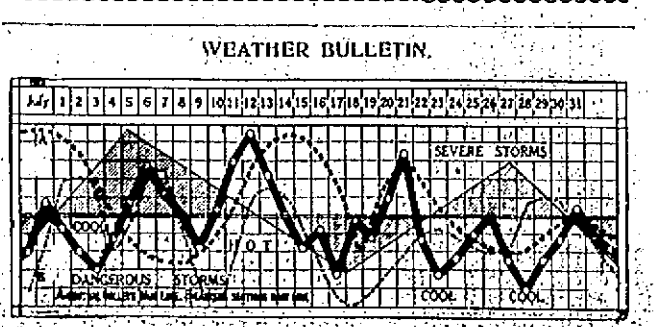
The application for a receiver for the New England Southern Railroad seems to have a hard time getting through the courts. The Providence Journal thinks all is needed is a man with sufficient ability to fill up a hole in the ground. As the Journal was more largely responsible than anybody else for that hole being dug perhaps they can furnish the man and the shovel with which to fill it.

The papers,—that is those of the yellow Journal stripe—have had President Miller of the New Haven road resigning for the past two years. But the president seems to be still on his job, and according to latest information is likely to stay. He would be very foolish to resign while all these yellow dogs are yapping at him.

Charles H. Peckham, formerly clerk in the Newport Postoffice, who pleaded nolo in the Federal Court to a charge of embezzlement of a letter, has been sentenced to a year and a day in the Newport County Jail. This sentence is regarded as very lenient, especially the commitment to the local jail, which is out of the ordinary.

The class banquet of the Class of 1913 of the Rogers High School was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Jenckes on Washington street on Monday evening, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The class poem, class history and class prophecy all furnished much entertainment.

**PACKED DRINK ONLY IN LIPTON'S TEA A FAIR TRIAL IS ALL WE ASK**



Temperatures of July will average about normal. Probably a little above normal on Pacific Slope and a little below east of Rocky Ridge. Draw a line from Black Rock via St. Paul, Milwaukee, Detroit to New Bedford, Mass. An imaginary line of this will have less than usual rain, and all south-west of that line more than usual rain. Middle Canada will get about normal rain. Many dangerous storms will occur on the Continent, and off our Southern Coast in July. Shaded parts above treble line in chart indicate time of most danger and below treble line time of least danger. See weekly bulletin. In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecast. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes high indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90°. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it as you wish.

Copyright 1913 by W. T. Foster. Washington, D. C., June 25, 1913. Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent June 29 to July 2 and July 4 to 8; warm waves June 28 to July 1 and July 8 to 7; cool waves June 8 to July 4 and July 6 to 10. These two disturbances will cover one of the most severe storm periods of the year but we can not now point out the locations where these dangerous storms will strike. We have made good progress in our efforts to work out a method of locating all weather events but we are not quite far enough along to risk a forecast of locations. This is our last warning of this dangerous storm period and all we can do is to advise all to be on the alert from July 2 to 12. We are expecting a low, or storm center, to cross the continent, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from July 4 to 8 and another from June 28 to July 2 and every one should watch the location of these storm centers. The dangerous parts of the storm will all the time be from one to five hundred miles southeast of the center of the low. The last disturbance of this great storm period will reach Pacific coast about July 9, cross Pacific slope by close of 10, great central valleys 11 to 18, eastern sections 14. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about July 9, great central valleys 11, eastern sections 13. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 12, great central valleys 14, eastern sections 16. The week ending July 12 will probably be the week of least danger from storms but the month of July will probably make a record of extremes for radical weather events. Some very heavy rains are expected and some unusually severe droughts but these are so mixed up that we can not locate them. The next dangerous storm period will cover July 20 to 28. It is not reckoned as great compared with the most dangerous storms of the year but so much should be taken during those eleven days. Many thanks to generous friends of my weather work who pressed my name for consideration for appointment as Chief of U. S. Weather Bureau. For ample reasons I would not permit further use of my name in that connection.

**MIDDLETOWN.**

(From our Regular Correspondent.) The ponds and brooks are about all dry and Green Pond has lowered considerably so that there is quite a depth of marsh grass at the sides.

Rev. E. E. Wells concluded on Sunday evening the last of his five talks upon "The Home," the subject being "Home Guards." Mrs. John P. Peckham sang as a solo, "God give us home," the choir acting as a chorus in singing, "Home Sweet Home." The talks have been very helpful and have called out large congregations. On Sunday evening next Rev. Mr. Wells will hold exercises of a patriotic nature, talking as he will, "Some opportunities and perils." These will be special patriotic music.

The King's Daughters and Sons of Rhode Island held their eleventh annual Newport County Conference in an all day session on Tuesday at Holy Cross Guild House. The exercises opened at 10:45 and were conducted for the day by Mrs. Harriet F. Riggs of Newport, County Secretary, for Mrs. William E. Hubbard, the state president, who although present, was suffering from a loss of voice. Among the choruses represented were six from Newport, one from Jamestown, one from Portsmouth, three from Pawtucket, one from East Greenwich, two from Providence and one from Auburn. The reports were very gratifying and represented much work done "in the name of the Master." Mrs. T. Fred Kaull of Newport, for many years county secretary, gave a detailed account of the state memorial funds. A basket lunch at noon was supplemented by cake and coffee by the Portsmouth Circle. Two addresses were made in the afternoon. Rev. F. W. Goodman spoke by request upon "Work in Alaska," and Miss Helen Emery upon "Patriotic work in Newport." The annual election resulted in a choice of the same officers. Mrs. Riggs, county secretary; Mrs. Josephine A. Weeden of Jamestown, county treasurer; Mrs. M. B. Langley of Portsmouth; and Mrs. Robert A. Blason of Portsmouth, County Executive Board. During the day Mrs. J. Conaway of Newport sang most acceptably three solos, Miss Grace Langley of Newport acting as accompanist and pianist for the day. A living vote of thanks was tendered Rev. Mr. Goodman, Miss Emery, and the Portsmouth Circle. The assembly hall was decorated in purple from which was suspended a number of silver crosses, the symbol of the order. Purple and white Canterbury bells and purple lilies were used on the piano and there was a profusion of roses in the various rooms. Middletown had three graduates from Rogers High School this year, Elizabeth Anthony Brown, elder daughter of Mr. Philip A. Brown, Sarah A. E. Peckham and Norma S. Coggeshall. The six pupils who graduated at Holy Cross Guild House last week expect to enter Rogers in the fall.

Last week's rain came just in time to save the strawberry crop which had begun to dry considerably. One market gardener, who has five acres of these berries and employs some 40 pickers, never had so large a season. He carried in 70 crates Tuesday. The fruit is of especially good flavor this year. Rev. John B. Diman is enjoying a few days' outing at Moosehead Lakes, Rev. Arthur N. Peaslee, sailed on Tuesday for France and will spend his Sabbath year on the continent. He was accompanied by two other ministers from the School, Stephen P. Cabot, and Herbert F. Preston. The fruit trade expects a great apple year and believes it may exceed the 50,000,000 barrel record of 1912.

Deaths. In this city, 25th inst., Mary E., wife of Robert M. Pitt. In Middletown, 25th inst., at the residence of her son-in-law, Robert F. Stoddard, Beacon street, Anne M., wife of Ludwig Ehrhardt, in her 78th year. In Providence, 25th inst., Mary A., widow of Daniel Cole, in her 91st year. In Providence, 25th inst., Julius Adler, in his 52nd year.

**HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.** Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, Sites and Farms, or Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to:

**A. O'D. TAYLOR,**  
REAL-ESTATE AGENT  
21 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.  
Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1888. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public. His Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villages and Country places.

**REPORT**  
OF the condition of THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business June 1, 1913.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$41,292.01
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	892.07
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	178,482.27
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	26,700.00
Due from National Banks (not re-serve account)	\$19.25
Due from approved reserve agents	61,811.97
Checks and other cash items	3,941.63
Exchanges for clearing houses	2,764.81
Notes of other National Banks	9,350.00
Fractional paper currency, tickets and coins	701.98
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	\$5,421.01
Legal-tender notes	41,550.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	6,500.00
Total	\$152,533.76
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	10,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	31,075.00
National Bank notes outstanding	45,192.00
Due to other National Banks	19.51
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks, individual deposits sub-	13,747.40
ject to check	559,555.61
Demand certificates of deposit	81,100.00
Certified checks	1,601.37
Time certificates of deposit	4,713.00
Certified checks outstanding	137.74
Total	\$572,478.61

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, George H. Proud, Cashier, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of June, 1913.

**PAUCKER BRAMAN**  
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward A. Brown, David Branson, Edward S. Peckham, Directors.

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**PAUCKER BRAMAN**  
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: George W. Sherman, A. Hart, E. Sherman, William Stevens, Directors.

**RHODE ISLAND.**

**STATE COLLEGE.**

**STANDARD COURSES IN**

Agriculture	B. S. Degree
Engineering	
Applied Science	
Home Economics	

**SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in**

Agriculture	Certificate
Mechanics	
Domestic Economy	
Domestic Economy	

Free Tuition, Excellent Equipment, Board \$7.00 per week; lodging, heat, light, books per week. Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful; healthful and accessible.

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**THE**

**T. Mumford Seabury**

**COMPANY,**

**214 Thames Street.**

**IF YOU WANT THE**

**BEST SEEDS**

**Come to Our Place**

**Fernando Barker.**

The new combination of Smart Seed and Bellflower, as used in Carter's Black & Blue Planters, is the best of the kind that could be made. Try one of these planters in any case of weak or lame back, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, or any other chest or large, and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In cases of chronic dyspepsia, a planter over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Seed & Bellflower Black & Blue Planter. Price 25 cents.



# AFTER CABINET TALKS IT OVER

President Accepts Resignation of District Attorney McNab  
McREYNOLDS IS EXONERATED

White Slave Cases to Be Tried at Once, Probably Under Direction of Hensy as Special Prosecutor, Who May Have Two Assistants—Western Fuel Case Also Up.

Washington, June 25.—President Wilson last night telegraphed United States District Attorney McNab of San Francisco acceptance of the latter's resignation, the form of which the president characterized as "an inexcusable intimation of injustice and wrongdoing" on the part of Attorney General McReynolds.

In a letter to the attorney general the president, exonerated him from blame and adopted McReynolds' suggestion that the Caminetti-Diggs and the Western Fuel company cases be prosecuted immediately by special counsel for the government.

White House officials announced that the president would confer today with the attorney general about the appointment of special prosecutors, and that the president had in mind Francis J. Hensy, who prosecuted the famous San Francisco graft trials; Matt J. Sullivan, who assisted Hensy in the "Ruef" trial, and Thomas Hayden, a former assistant city attorney in San Francisco.

It was said that at least two of these three men, and possibly all, would be selected to take charge, not only of the Caminetti-Diggs white slave cases, but the Western Fuel company indictments.

Developments were rapid during the day in the situation which was precipitated by the telegram of McNab on Saturday to the president and the attorney general, accusing the latter of yielding to "rich and powerful influences" in ordering a postponement of these cases, the father of one of the defendants being Anthony Caminetti, commissioner general of immigration. The subject absorbed the cabinet meeting yesterday.

In his letter to the president McReynolds recited the history of the two cases and submitted the complete files in each case.

Responding to instructions from the attorney general for a detailed report of the Caminetti-Diggs cases and to take no affirmative action until further advised by the department of justice, the attorney general said McNab sent a report, received May 27.

In this report, he added, McNab detailed a version of the acts with his inferences therefrom and expressing the opinion that the case was aggravated and should be vigorously prosecuted; also that there might be attempts to interfere with the due course of justice by improper influences.

## PROTEST FROM CHURCHES

Ask President That Cases Be Brought Immediately to Trial

San Francisco, June 26.—The San Francisco Church federation sent the following telegram to President Wilson:

"We urgently request speedy trials of the Diggs-Caminetti and Western Fuel cases here. If the indicted men are innocent they should have their innocence speedily determined by the courts. If guilty, let punishment follow. We believe all should stand up before the law regardless of wealth, position or political prominence."

## CHIEF OF WHITE SLAVERS

His Trip to France Postponed by Reason of His Conviction

New Orleans, June 26.—Julius R. Blane, reputed to be an influential figure in the under worlds of several eastern and middle western cities, was found guilty of violation of the Mann white slave law here for causing the transportation of Jennie Bruno from Chicago to New Orleans for immoral purposes. Sentence was deferred.

Witnesses from several cities testified that Blane was extensively interested in immoral traffic in women. He was arrested here after he had boarded a steamer about to depart for France.

Asks \$1,000,000 For the Connecticut Treadway of Massachusetts Introduced a bill in the house for the improvement of the Connecticut river between Hartford and Holyoke, Mass., at a cost of \$1,015,600.

Gotham Swamped With Eggs  
New York, June 26.—There has been a rush of eggs into town this week, and prices suddenly went tumbling down. More than 16,000,000 eggs arrived yesterday.

Advance in Sugar Prices  
New York, June 25.—All grades of hard refined sugar were yesterday advanced 10 cents and all soft grades 15 cents a hundred pounds.

All Hunger Strikers Out  
London, June 27.—Miss Harriet Kerr, the last remaining militant suffragette prisoner of those sentenced for conspiracy on June 17, was released from jail because of the effects of a "hunger strike."

Princess Pat Not Offended  
London, June 26.—An official denial is given to the report that Princess Patricia, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, is engaged to be married to Prince Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

## DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

Noted as Large Land Owner and Sportsman



## NOTED AS A SPORTSMAN

Duke of Sutherland Also Second Largest Land Owner in Europe

London, June 27.—Cromartie Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, fourth Duke of Sutherland, died last night.

The Duke of Sutherland, who was born July 20, 1851, was, with the exception of the Emperor of Russia, the largest land owner in Europe.

He was noted as a sportsman and a fine yachtsman. He several times visited the United States on shooting trips.

In 1884 he married a daughter of the fourth earl of Roslin, two sons and one daughter being the result of the union.

## TORCH APPLIED TO FRIGATE WABASH

Junk Dealers Burn Famous Man-of-War to Secure Metals

Eastport, Me., June 27.—The torch was applied to the United States frigate Wabash here and the famous old wooden man-of-war of Civil war days was burned that her valuable metals might be secured, by Boston junk dealers, to whom she had been sold for about \$3000. Much of the metal work had been removed at Boston and since the vessel was towed here two weeks ago.

The Wabash was built at Philadelphia in 1851. She took a prominent part both in defensive and offensive operations in the Civil war, and was used as a flagship by Rear Admirals Dahlgren and Dupont.

## RECEIVERSHIP IS DENIED

Court Refuses Petition of Southern New England Road Contractor

Boston, June 26.—Judge Bralley of the supreme court refused to grant the petition of John Marsch, a Chicago contractor, for the appointment of a receiver for the Southern New England railroad—the Massachusetts branch of the Grand Trunk.

Attorney Haight asked not to encumber the road's property in any way and was given till Thursday to decide whether he would transfer the case to the federal court.

Marsch claims he lost \$1,500,000 through the road's action in abandoning the New England extension of the line.

## CLAWED BY LIONESS

Tamer Rightfully Lacerated as He Enters Cage of "Spitfire"

Springfield, Mass., June 27.—Frank Huston, aged 19, a lion tamer connected with a circus exhibiting in this city, was attacked by "Spitfire," a lioness, as he entered the cage.

His arms and scalp were frightfully lacerated by the animal's claws before he was rescued by attendants. He was removed to a hospital, where it is said he will recover.

## JOHNSON IN MONTREAL

Says He Is Going to Russia, but Will Not Forfeit His Bail Bond

Montreal, June 27.—John Johnson, the negro pugilist, who is in this city, admitted that he intended to sail for Europe next Tuesday to engage in fights in St. Petersburg next September.

He said he did not intend to forfeit his bail bond, which calls for his presence next November in Chicago, where he is under sentence on a white slave charge.

Burying Ground in Meadows Given  
Naples, June 27.—The authorities have unearthed the bodies of a large number of infants buried in the garden attached to a large villa occupied by a midwife named Bertoli.

French Aviator Falls to Death  
Chalais-Sur-Marne, France, June 27.—Maurice L. Posquier, while testing a monoplane, fell from a height of 250 feet last evening and was killed.

Sumach Berries Prove Fatal  
Brooklyn, Conn., June 27.—Berries of the swamp sumach, mistaken for edible fruit, caused the death of Catherine Moran, aged 5.

# HAS SYMPATHY FOR SLAYER

But Court Deprecates the Taking of a Human Life

## SIX MONTHS FOR FARNSWORTH

Short Story Writer and Poultry Farmer Killed Man Whom He Caught in His Chicken Coop at Midnight—Petition to Governor for Clemency Will Not Be Opposed by Judge

Plymouth, Mass., June 27.—David B. Farnsworth, the Bridgewater poultry farmer and short story writer, found guilty by a jury of manslaughter in the shooting of Thomas Hagan, whom he surprised at midnight in his chicken coop, was sentenced to six months in the house of correction by Judge King.

The courtroom was crowded when the final disposition of the case was brought up in order on the docket. Many poultry raisers, among them signers to a petition for clemency for Farnsworth, were present.

Judge King stated that he had received numerous telegrams and letters from people and also a petition asking for clemency in the case. In imposing sentence he said, addressing the defendant:

"I have endeavored to give substantial weight to the communications testifying to Farnsworth's character, and he should be proud of it. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, I am unable to find any other way than a jail sentence to show you that you cannot take a human life."

"We are often tempted in matters of this kind, but we must learn to withstand them. I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart. And if the governor sees fit to extend clemency, I shall not raise my hand against it. I shall make the sentence six months in the house of correction."

Farnsworth began his sentence at once. His friends, it is understood, are going to petition Governor Foss for clemency.

The shooting occurred at midnight, Aug. 16, 1912. Hagan was caught in one of the chicken coops by Farnsworth, who was awakened with his wife by the cackling of his fowl. They left the house, Farnsworth armed with a shotgun. Farnsworth said he shot into the air. The next morning, however, the body of the intruder was found some fifty yards away.

## BRAKES FOUND CAPABLE

Experts Give Favorable Report on Fatal Stamford Wreck

Boston, June 26.—The brakes on the locomotive and cars which made up the second section of train 53, wrecked at Stamford, Conn., June 12, were in good serviceable condition at the time of the accident, according to a report of experts made public here.

The experts declared, after exhaustive tests in which the train was taken out for road trials, that the brakes were in every way capable of stopping the train short of the home signal at Stamford at the time of the accident. The report is signed by the four members of the committee.

## SAY THEY ARE ILL USED

Thousands of Members of Imperator's Crew Denounce Working Conditions

Hoboken, N. J., June 25.—A thousand members of the crew of the giant ocean steamer Imperator, now in this port, held a mass meeting here and adopted resolutions denouncing working conditions on the vessel, demanding better food, better sleeping accommodations and a nine-hour day.

Speakers said the men had been "treated like pigs," poorly fed and over-worked. Their quarters were crowded, it was said; sixteen hours work a day was not unusual and the sanitary equipment was inadequate.

## PELKEY ACQUITTED

Jury Finds Pugilist Not Guilty of Causing McCarty's Death

Calgary, Alta., June 24.—Arthur Pelkey, the pugilist, last night was acquitted of a manslaughter charge which was placed against him as a result of the death of Luther McCarty, who died in the first round of a scheduled ten-round bout here May 24 last.

It was charged by the government that McCarty died from a blow administered by Pelkey. The jury was out only forty-five minutes before returning the verdict, although Chief Justice Harvey's charge was said to be unfavorable to the defendant.

Death of Minstrel Thatcher  
Orange, N. J., June 26.—George Thatcher, an old-time minstrel, died here of cancer, aged 63 years. He formerly played with Primrose and West and other minstrel stars, after which he appeared in vaudeville.

Killed by Fire in His Home  
Pittsfield, Mass., June 27.—Patrick Gately, aged 60, many years a railroad freight conductor, was burned to death in his home in Deckert, when his house was destroyed.

Oil Magnate Severance Dead  
Cleveland, June 27.—Louis H. Severance of New York, multi-millionaire Standard Oil magnate and philanthropist, died suddenly of acute abdominal trouble at the home of his daughter. He was 75 years old.

Farmer Hangs Self With Towel  
Fryeburg, Me., June 27.—James E. A. farmer, committed suicide by hanging himself in his home by means of a roller towel he had wound around his neck.

## JOHN S. KENNEDY

Sing Sing Prison Warden Is Removed From Office



Photo by American Press Association

In a presentation to Supreme Court Justice Tompkins the June grand jury at White Plains recommends the abandonment of Sing Sing prison and the erection of an institution to take its place. Conditions there are said to be "intolerable." White Warden Kennedy is not held responsible. It is charged that his administration has not been a success and that he has not improved conditions as he ought.

## KENNEDY IS REMOVED

Charges Against Sing Sing Warden Are Now Being Investigated

Albany, June 25.—John J. Kennedy was removed as warden of Sing Sing prison by Superintendent Riley of the state prison department.

Kennedy has demanded a grand jury investigation into charges of misconduct and neglect in connection with the management of the prison made by George W. Blake, the governor's special commissioner. Governor Sulzer, after talking with District Attorney Winslow of Westchester county, decided to call a special jury, which is now making the investigation.

Kennedy is a Tammany man. He was appointed by Joseph F. Scott, who was removed by the governor.

## DOUBLE TRAGEDY IN HUB RESTURANT

Sick Man Kills His Wife and Then Takes Own Life

Boston, June 26.—Nehalo Nazzara, who yesterday noon shot and killed his wife in a West End hotel restaurant and then turned his revolver upon himself, died last night. Both victims of the double tragedy died without regaining consciousness. Three little girls are orphaned by the tragedy.

Nazzara, the police say, learned yesterday that his wife was seeking a legal separation from him. In the last stages of consumption and out of work, it is said the news of the proposed action of his wife affected his mind.

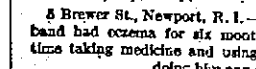
That Nazzara had made threats to take the life of his wife is the statement of the police. He had also told his brothers of his intention to kill his wife and himself. They paid no attention to his remarks.

Ulysses Grant to Wed Again  
San Diego, Cal., June 26.—The betrothal of Ulysses S. Grant, son of the late president, and Mrs. A. L. Willis of Marshalltown, Ia., is announced. Mrs. Willis is 35 years old, while Grant has passed his 60th milestone.

## SCALP COVERED WITH WHITE SCALES

Itching Terribly. Hair Came Out, Terrible Lot of Dandruff. Scales Would Fall on Coat. Scratched Until Made Big Sores. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured Him.

5 Brewer St., Newport, R. I.—"My husband had eczema for six months all this time taking medicine and using salve not doing him any good. The trouble grew worse. It started with red shining spots all over the scalp, covered with a thickness of white scales itching terribly. His hair came out, and he had a terrible lot of dandruff. The white scales could be seen in his hair as they peeled off, and would fall down on his coat. He would never stop scratching until he made big sores all over his head. I washed the scalp in warm water and soap, but this only made it worse, the red spots growing larger until they covered the whole scalp, coming down the forehead. I got one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment. I washed his head in as hot water as he could stand, using plenty of Cuticura Soap. This would take all the dry scales away leaving red spots. After rubbing the hair dry I applied the Cuticura Ointment on the scalp and this would stop the itching at once. After two weeks' treatment he was completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. O. L. Eklund, Dec. 7, 1911. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.



## DEFINITE PLANS ARE

necessary to the successful business; they are just as essential to the accumulation of money. No other plan for conserving small sums and building them into one large sum is so rational, so common sense in its operation as a growing bank account. Try this plan.

### NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

303 THAMES STREET.

## The Greater Problem

The Western railroad unit is distance.  
The New England unit is service.  
Not miles moved but movement per mile is the greater problem.  
Nowhere on the continent is the railroad problem so great, nor so well worked out.

**THE NEW ENGLAND LINES**  
BOSTON MAINE  
MAINE CENTRAL

## CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

**BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY**

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If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—Catalogs, Pamphlets, Booklets, Circular Work

we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and serve you well.

Why not see US about it?  
We can do any work that can be done in any Printing Office in the United States.

### Mercury Publishing Company.

182 THAMES STREET,  
NEWPORT, R. I.





## PICTURE SIGNATURES.

Difficult to Find Sometimes and Not Always Reliable.

Many of the works of the old masters are not signed. Experts rarely rely on signatures alone in determining the authenticity of an old work, but trust rather to their knowledge of the painter's technique.

False signatures can be easily detected. Spirits of wine or turpentine will usually remove a name of later date than the painting. In the course of time signatures often become very difficult to find. Painted originally in a shade slightly lighter than the ground, perhaps, they sink in, darken and merge into the ground color or they are almost rubbed away by successive cleanings. Recognizable one day in a specially favorable light, they may not be visible again for weeks.

Experts speak of "will-o'-the-wisp" signatures, and many collectors have encountered accidental strokes and cracks that tantalizingly suggest a signature, though it can never be made definite. On the other hand, there have been remarkable cases of such marks, after careful study, resolving themselves into a famous name.

Sometimes the painter's name is most conspicuous—as, for instance, in Raphael's "Sposalizio" at Milan. Proud of having surpassed his master, the youthful genius wrote on a piece in the very center of the canvas "Raphael Urbino."

Reynolds hardly ever signed his work. But upon the completion of the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse" he wrote his name large on the gold embroidery of her dress. He was unable, he said, "to resist the temptation of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

With reference to unsigned paintings there is told in Germany an amusing story. Achenbach, the German artist, enjoyed, a few years ago, a certain collector had bought from an art dealer a marine represented as an ancient Achenbach. Afterward it was pronounced to be a copy. The buyer brought an action against the dealer, who turned the tables by declaring that his picture was genuine and the other was a copy.

Achenbach himself was summoned by the court to tell which was which. Amused at the similarity of the two paintings, the artist gazed at them for a long time, inspected them closely front and back and then frankly admitted that he could not tell which was the original and which the copy.—Harper's Weekly.

## Bear's Grease.

In a recent volume of reminiscences the writer states that baldness is much more common now than in his early days and ascribes our loss of hair to the decrease in the use of "bear's grease." This substance was made principally of lard, colored and scented, but, unfortunately, many of whom called themselves "professors," used to advertise the slaughter of another fine bear, exhibiting, particularly in the Walworth road, a canvas screen depicting in glaring colors a brown animal of elephantine proportions expiring in a sea of gore.—London Standard.

## Sunset and the Flag.

A stalwart sergeant in an artillery regiment stationed to one of the harbor forts walked into a store in upper Broadway the other evening at about 8 o'clock and demanded of the storekeeper the reason for having the stars and stripes displayed after daylight.

"Isn't that all right, general?" asked the bewildered tradesman.

"I'm not a general," said the big soldier, "but I'll tell you to keep the flag out after sunset. Only during a siege is the flag displayed at night, and judging from your business, I don't think you're under siege."—New York Sun.

## The History of the Key.

The key was one of the first things invented by man. The primitive key was probably a thorn or a splinter. Afterward, fishbones seem to have come into use. Wooden pegs followed these. In modern times the process of manufacturing keys is very highly developed. Fifty years ago there were only some hundred varieties of keys, each having its special name and distinct use. Today they are legion.—Harper's Weekly.

## Domestic Bliss.

"I'm sorry I ever married you," shrieked the bride on the occasion of their first quarrel.

"You ought to be!" retorted the groom, really angry and bitter for the first time. "You beat some nice girl out of a good husband!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## One of His Faults.

Mrs. Peck—I must say you have more faults than any other man I ever met. Peck—Well, you have plenty of faults yourself. Mrs. Peck—There you go again, always changing the subject when I try to talk to you.—Boston Transcript.

## Quite a Joker.

"Dicks is a facious chap."

## Yes?

"He refers to the Stock Exchange as one of our best known watering places."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## One on Each Corner.

Bix—I have a dog that's nearly thirty inches high. Dix—That's nothing. I have one that stands over four feet.—Boston Transcript.

True success means making more out of oneself than of others.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Had Enough.

The reformed burglar, upon his release from jail, was inclined to be a bit facetious. "Simply state," he remarked to a reporter who chanced to be in the vicinity, "that under no circumstances will I be a candidate for 'better term.' Proving that burglars, as well as comedy actors, have a sense of humor.—Judge.

## WOODEN CANNON.

Crude but Effective Weapons Wound With Strips of Rawhide.

Any one familiar with the construction of modern weapons of warfare and the high explosives used in them would naturally suppose a cannon made of wood would be of little or no value as a weapon.

Wooden cannons have been used with considerable success nevertheless in recent revolutions in Cuba, in Haiti and in the Dominican Republic.

The wood used in the construction of these crude weapons is a very tough variety, having a twisted grain that curls about the log in such a way that to split the timber with the ordinary means is almost impossible.

The best trees are selected, and a piece of the log five or six feet in length and about one foot in diameter is cut. After the bark has been removed and the log made perfectly round it is swung up on a crude crane, and a hole is burned into it from one end. The log is wound with strips of rawhide cut from the skin of a steer. When the cannon is covered with the strips of hide another layer is wound on, and this is continued until the weapon has increased several inches in diameter.

After the log is covered and the bore is finished the weapon is treated to a hot draft, which tends to contract the hide binding, which becomes almost as strong as wire.

These crude cannons have been used with success in a number of instances, and it is astonishing the number of times they may be fired before they burst or become otherwise disabled.—Harper's Weekly.

## THE CURIOUS TURTLE.

Neither Fish, Flesh Nor Fowl, With Characteristics of All Three.

According to Macdonald, a Scotch naturalist of wide repute, the turtle is the strangest of all living things and the most unfathomable. It can live in the water as well as out of it and can seemingly go for indefinite lengths of time without air, food or light.

It is neither fish nor fowl nor fowl, and yet it has the characteristics of all three. As for its eating, it seems quite superfluous for it can remain shut up in a barrel for a number of weeks and emerge at the end of the time apparently none the worse for the lack of food and light and air.

The baby turtle seems also just as indifferent to its surroundings as its parents are. As soon as it comes forth from its egg it scuttles off to the sea. It has no one to teach or guide it. In its brain seems implanted the idea that until its armor becomes hard it has no defense against hungry fish. And so it seeks shelter in gulf weed and feeds unmolested until its armor gets hard.

By the time that it weighs twenty-five pounds, which occurs the first year, it knows that it is far from all danger, for after that no fish, however hungry or well armed with teeth, can interfere. The turtle immediately withdraws its head into its neck between the two shells, and all intending devourers struggle in vain to impress it.—Exchange.

## BAGGAGE SMASHING.

In Russia Customs Officials Make It a Maddening Reality.

In the Railway Magazine Robert Weatherburn says the Russian customs officers for the manner in which they abuse passengers' baggage in their ransacking examination. Describing his arrival at St. Petersburg, Mr. Weatherburn says:

"Amid vociferations and bores shouting we at length moved alongside the quay of Washill Ostroff (one of the islands on which St. Petersburg is built). The babel of tongues in various languages had almost a bewildering effect. From this I was aroused by the customs officials, who, seizing my trunks and boxes and demanding my passport, led me to their superior. The examination was pretty stiff, and it included the smelling and tasting by a lot of dirty handed persons of certain jars of preserves and plum cakes which I had taken in my baggage, and it was not exactly amusing to see the basty and indiscriminate manner adopted in repacking those innocent articles.

"Heavy bottles and plum cakes, preserves, writing paper and ink, well ironed white shirts and collars, neckties crammed into coat sleeves—all that had taken weeks to carefully pack and stow away—were thrown in a mass in a box or trunk, the gaping lids of which, falling to reach the lock by some inches, seemed to remain open mouthed in silent protest against such ill usage.

"Afterward the dirty bags were held out for 'match,' or tea money, an institution of which I knew more. The quarrelling of the livestock, or cabmen, who, like sharks, had already scented their prey, would at any other time have been intensely comical.

"After some trouble I succeeded in getting the lids of my boxes closed, but not until plum cake and boot heels, burst preserves, white shirts, ink, castor oil and pills were all commingled in one glorious state of democracy. Half an hour later found me in the English hotel, where, after recounting my troubles, I was laughed at, the experience being of nearly everyday occurrence."

## Ridiculous!

"You should take exercise every day," said the physical culturist.

"You make me laugh," answered the seeker after health. "I work so hard that I get too tired to take any exercise."

"And you should take a bath every day."

"What for?"

"What for? Why, it will make you feel better."

"Take a bath every day just because it makes me feel better! Say, what do you think I am—an epicure?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Frank's Troubles.

"That girl!"

Little Miss Deems, standing one June day in the middle of her school room, sighed the sigh of a teacher at her wife's side. She was a small person with a great forehead. She had light, wavy hair, and she looked, precisely like 40 other women you would meet in a day's travel. But her identity was clear; she wore a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles which fitted her Roman nose with unmistakable exactness. Now as Miss Deems stood there the two glasses of her spectacles reflected two pictures like a stereoscope of "that girl."

A high forehead, high cheek bones, a shock of dark hair, a pair of keen, black eyes, an overgrown 13-year-old figure—this was the picture.

"What is the feminine of Ismael, I wonder?" said Miss Deems to herself. "That child should have been christened by it! And she a missionary's daughter!"

Frances was in disgrace, you understand. This was often the case, I'm afraid. Sue was, as Miss D. had said, a sort of Ismael, with her two sun-kissed cheeks against every one, and every pair of hands against her. It was because, I think, on this particular afternoon, which Frank had brought to school with wicked intent, and by whose mischance little Alice Farley had stood up in her class, with her glossy, mother brushed curls stuck full of ugly pickles.

"Frances, you may bring your books to the front seat by Tommy Blair," Miss Deems had said. "I'm sure you'll seat for two weeks."

That was why Frank's tall body was folded up like a camp stool, on a bench built for bodies half its size. That was why she was late to use her knees for a desk and to rest books and elbows thereon as she thrust flat into her freckled cheeks, and studied geography. She fastened her eyes on the book, and a moment afterward exclaimed:

"Miss Deems, this picture of the harbor of Manila is a bit like it, for I remember when we were there."

"Very well, be quiet now," Miss Deems said.

In 10 seconds the room echoed to "suppressed and terror-stricken giggles."

"Tommy! Why, Tommy, is that you?"

Miss Deems looked at the little boy whose pitiful offense this laugh was, and who was doing his best to crowd his two fists into his aching mouth.

Tommy explained that he couldn't help it. "Frank doesn't make up things queer, either!"

"You mustn't look at Frank, dear, and besides, she has just come to sit on the little seat, and you must teach her how to act. Frank, you must stay and talk with me a few minutes after school."

A pause now, and a silence resting on the room. Miss Deems sits beside the stove. There is a pitcher upon it, with asparagus and peonies within. It is a little white sofa-house, with two gray-trunked maples standing by the doorway. The sun is shining, not like a flood of gold, nor like liquid amber, or anything else to which poets have compared it, but like what seems to me better, its own splendid self, the June sun. The maple boughs let the sunbeams strain through and Frank Weston falls to watching and musing, shifting leaf shadows at her feet on the bare floor. A waft of perfume floats in from all outside, a breeze that has kept company with a thousand flowers and is sweet from its associations. You know what June is in the country.

Roses were in bloom, roses wild and roses tame. The kalmia lifted up masses of pink flowers, which admitted themselves to the mirrors of their own shining foliage. And down at the foot of the hill, behind the schoolhouse, in the swamp, where the frogs sang every night under the moon, there stood a clump of azaleas, whose purple blossoms indicated that the time of green leaves drew near.

This was all very nice; but there was one thing worse—the truck. Down the hill behind the schoolhouse it came clumping over the stones with white, white teeth, and the merry noise of its clumping could be heard all day long in the sunlight, and all night under the moon and stars.

Frank listened now—such soft music it was, that falling water, coming in the peace of Miss Deems' glasses, coming now between Tommy's serious "P-o-u-t-h," and Ida Wilbur's shrieking at the tip-top of her lungs, "D-o-g, dog," and "C-a-t, cat."

Frank sat still and listened. She fastened the water, starting way up on the mountain top, coming down from one rock to another, past the grove away under the bridge, the gliding, suppling, faltering and faltering, now, far away in the dim distance, owing in a hush of softness and silence.

That instant Miss Deems happened to glance at Frank, and noticed a strange look in her face, a certain dreamy expression about the eyes, a drowsy sweetness about every feature that had never been there before. And to that instant the teacher was aware of something to the nature of this strange girl which she had never seen until now.

"Frances, I want to talk with you a minute."

This was after school and when the room was empty and reminded of a unit where many wheels and great ones have all at once stopped. Miss Deems was seated in her chair. Frank stood beside her, and in front of the blackboard. "The teacher" looked in vain at this moment for any traces of the bushy sweetness, the soft dreaminess of an hour ago. Both were gone.

Miss Deems put the question that was uppermost in her mind.

"Frank, what does make you act so?"

"Act how, Miss Deems?" Quick as lightning the second query trod on the heels of the first.

"Why—why you know. You don't act like other people."

"And why should I act like other people? Was I made like other people? Have I been brought up like other people? Wasn't I born among heathens, and reared in child by a Zulu woman? I tell you, Miss Deems, you don't know how I've tried to be like other girls. There's Edith Blair, now. Her father's rich and she's got a mother, and she can play the piano, and wear pretty dresses, and I think she's lovely, but she doesn't have anything to say to such a creature as I am. Look at me!"

Frank stopped pacing up and down the dusty floor and stopped in front of Miss Deems. A beam of the afternoon sun struck across the room and lighted up the figure of the young girl as she planted herself there.

"Look at me!" she said.

Miss Deems looked, and saw an un-

gaily girl with unadorned figure and white features, a girl at her most awkward age, untrained and ill-dressed in a limp, unfastened linen dress.

In imagination she saw also the figure that Frank called up of Edith Blair, a gentle girl of 18, with a complexion like a sweet pea, a figure with the grace of an elm sapling, features softly outlined, and eyes as demure and mild as the tint of sky in May time.

"She's lovely," continued Frances, "and everyone loves her. She doesn't want people to love her any more than I do; and the first minute a person sets eyes on Edith they are friends of hers, and the instant a person sets eyes on me they are foes to me. You know it's Gospel truth, Miss Deems, and you're too good a Christian to deny it. If I was a boy I'd be all right. I'm a girl and I'm all wrong. I've endured horrors trying to make myself like other girls, and here I am. Everybody in Arley hates me. You needn't. Why, Frances, me—don't I know? I was missionary's daughter, and wasn't I going to be a saint to all beholders? Wasn't I going to be 'The Pearl Flower' and 'Little Henry' and 'His Heart' all over again? Wasn't I going to be a juvenile pillar of the Sunday school and sit with my smooth hair parted just in the middle, like a kind of ministering angel speaking in the Zulu tongue? Now then, I've come and I don't want any more, and they're down on me, and they're not a soul in Arley who cares a fig for me, or would mind if I tumbled over the side of the Dell and broke my neck tomorrow; not one but Daisy, dear little Daisy!"

"There's Aunt Harriet, Frank."

"Aunt Harriet!" The girl's lips spelled contempt. "Miss Deems, I'll tell you something. Aunt Harriet has a bureau with four drawers, and every drawer is filled with nightgowns. One is for spring, one is for summer, etc., and every nightgown has a paper label pinned on to the right wing, to say when it was worn next, and I can tell you if Aunt Harriet would that I had been tucked into the morning house-sleeper and killed, it wouldn't trouble her so much as it would to find out she had slept in a February nightgown in July. Aunt Harriet always has a nervous headache, and she says her head begins to ache the minute I come in at the gate. Great dear she can help me. Oh, I wish I had somebody to care something about me and tell me things."

Walking up and down, Frank had paused looking dazedly out of the window. Down the hill, drawn by a white pony, rolled a low-hung basket carriage. It had sky-blue trimmings, and the reins were held by a slender girl dressed all in white, and looking herself as dainty and fresh as a flower whose petals no storm of dust or earthly soil has ever touched. It was Edith Blair. Frank watched her, and a great sense of injustice surged up inside. She turned and lunged herself into a seat as Miss Deems asked:

"Have you no brothers or sisters, Frank?"

"No, ma'am, I had a little sister, but she—O Canany, Canany! She died love me and I did love her so! Oh, I wish she were alive!"

A wild tempest of sob-burst forth, and for the next 10 minutes little Miss Deems felt more convinced than ever that there was a nature whose depth and strength were beyond her philosophy. However, she tried to be as comfortable and well as she could, and wiped the hot, tear-wet face, and tied Frank's battered hat for her, it was with real love in her heart and a hope of better things.

"The little darling!" Frank said, as they passed Jonas Hale's house, and blind, Daisy came groping out to kiss her friend. She looked like my Canany, I think. Canany was lame. Good night, Miss Deems."

They had come to where their ways parted. It was at "The Dell." Here were steep, green walls, 75 feet down, the road running at the foot.

New the new railroad was being built, and a bridge was to cross this ravine. Frank stopped tonight to look at the "sleepers," or "stringers," which had been laid from side to side. It was a dizzy height, that, even to this fearless girl.

My heart falls me when I think of the events of the next week; a week during which Frank had promised herself and Miss Deems to try turning seven new leaves, a week from which the teacher had hoped great reformation. Alas and alack! The end of that week found Arley in a state of wrath and execration for which all his history, from the Indian massacre down to the present time, hardly afforded a parallel.

Frances Weston had acted like a creature possessed, as Polly, the maid-of-all-work at Miss Weston's, declared. "I say for it, haven't expected every night to see her brought home in 10 pieces."

She had put the climax to her evil deeds by taking the horse off to a remote street on the dark night of the prayer meeting, and subsequently, at the sewing society, by changing the clothing of two 3-month-old babies' twin mothers being near while at tea, causing thereby the most remarkable confusion in two worthy households, which were only quieted at midnight by an exchange of human commodity in the public highway. Who wonders that, after this, Frank was left alone both at school and at home, and informed by several juveniles that "my mother and I was to have nothing to do with you."

"All right. Hope you'll get out your own grudges, cube root examples," and Frank snarled; but she walked home and up to the hayloft very fast. So nothing that Kitty Blair had said, quelling from her pretty sister Edith, had made the girl's smile a bitter one. "Coarse" and "rude" had been the words Frank had so admired Edith, and besides the poor child did so want to have people like her. Below all this hidden character there lay a warm heart longing, fairly agonizing for some one to love. No one suspected it. How could they?

When Frank's headache was somewhat eased, she left the hayloft and bounded away toward Jonas Hale's house. Jonas was a poor man and made Harriet Weston's garden. His wife was nearly a cripple from rheumatism, and little blind Daisy, the 4-year-old darling, was Frank's one friend. I love you better, my baby, my mother, Daisy said; and when the Arley world smiled or frowned, her love never wavered.

Now, in her extremity, Frank had been seized with a longing for the little soft face against her own burning cheek, and, urged on by this desire, she ran down the hill. There was a turn in the road where Jonas' house and the new railroad came into sight. At this angle Frank stopped.

The setting sun threw a bright glow over the whole landscape, and in her eyes caught sight of but one moving figure. But that—Frank turned white,

gave a little cry, and sprang away like a wild creature. What was it? There, 40 rods off, on the beams of the high bridge, was blind Daisy.

Frank did not scream. She felt instantly that it would avail nothing. A hundred thoughts came rushing at once through her burning brain. "If she should fall, if she should die! God would take care of that. No one in Arley would care." Bitter, more bitter than the thought of death, arose, seemed this thought. There flashed across her mind a glimpse of her kind father away among the Zulus, of her mother's grave in the hot sand. Then every thought was centered on the present moment.

As the new past Jonas' house, a woman crept out, glanced, shrieked, and dropped all in a heap by the gate.

Frank was dimly aware of other forms starting up. In her ears came confused voices cried, "Stop! You'll be killed!" She remembered one man putting out his hands to stop her. She recollected saying "I can save her if any one can; they would frighten her," and the next instant she had put up a little prayer, and she knew that her feet were on the beams.

There were no boards laid across, only those "stringers" from Frank to bank over the dell. Frank prayed, and she would not to look below her feet. On before her, 80 yards, she could see little Daisy; could hear her making out "loving noises" to herself. She had started to meet her father, and she evidently thought herself walking on a plank of the broad sidewalk.

"Oh! what if she should find out where she is! If she should get frightened?" thought Frank. People were collecting on the opposite bank. In the distance one of the builders was hurrying to the spot. Frank was every moment hearing Daisy, when suddenly the little one stopped.

"Oh! she's bending down, she's reaching out her hand!" said Frank, and felt all her blood freeze, as it seemed, while Daisy held her little hand out over the frightful abyss, down, down.

The next instant the little one flung herself across the beam as though it had been the top of a rail fence; her head on one side, her feet on the other. Every heart stood still.

"Daisy! Daisy!" Frank made her voice soft. "Don't move a bit. It's your own Frank's coming."

The next instant she had reached the child and lifted her in her arms. Then she saw what she had not seen before—that a narrow board had been laid cross-wise here, that Daisy's feet had rested on this, and Providence had thus kept her from falling.

Frank lifted her and whispered, "Be still. Don't hug me for one minute, Daisy." Then she gazed up her strength with one mighty effort to tread the remainder of the perilous way.

"If you only get her safely over, I can die then," she said to herself.

"I'm coming; give her to me," spoke a man's voice.

Frank felt herself beluged led the last few yards, knew that she had walked off and upon green turf, half heard a great and glad cry go up from the people; then she thought, "I am dying now" and knew no more.

Frank came to herself in a great dim room, the gold and purple of twilight coming in through the open windows, and a slender figure in white bending over her. In her half-conscious state she was aware of the softest hands bathing her cheek and, when she opened her eyes, of hearing a sweet voice exclaim:

"You dear, splendid Frank! Don't be frightened. You're here. We had you brought to my room and I'm going to take care of you. I had to fight almost to get you. Oh—my dear, you can't talk; everybody in Arley is so proud of you. You're a heroine. The rest of us are cowards."

"Edith, dear," spoke a motherly voice, the voice of Mrs. Blair, "you mustn't excite Frank. Perfect quiet, you know, Doctor Fowler said. You may bring your friend her tea and feed her with it; you may even sleep with her if you will be good, but I forbid talking."

So, in Edith's pretty blue and white room, in one of Edith's own white wrappers, Frank sat up and went through the ceremony of tea drinking. But she was quite too happy to eat. She seemed somehow to have "entered into rest" and, indeed, she had. This was the beginning of the unkept wish being car for in a home with a mother.

The Blair took Frank away with them that summer, and what with Mrs. Blair's gentle teachings and Edith's loving companionship, Frank became beloved and respected and her reformation was rewarded by her being adopted into the Blair family.

Zoology Professor—Miss Fluff, what is natural selection?

Fluff—Natural selection is where a young lady picks out a fellow with lots of money and marries him.

"Don't you think it is queer a doctor should turn his attention to writing poetry?"

"Not at all. Poetry has long been one of the drugs to the market."—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children's white-teething. It soothes the inflamed and swollen membrane of the throat and soothes the inflamed and swollen membrane of the throat and soothes the inflamed and swollen membrane of the throat.

The new combination of Heart Weak and Belladonna, as used in Carter's Little Liver Pills, has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Any of these popular plasters in any case of weak or lame back, headache, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness of the chest or lungs, and you will be relieved by the prompt relief.

For children's teething, a plaster over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills and Belladonna Plaster. Price 25 cents.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

For any case of indigestion, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, try Carter's Little Liver Pills. Relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in the market.

Mrs. Cass. Salt at Jones, Dela. writes: I have used your remedy for a long time and I could bear off for the past three years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

## All Sorts.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Boswell.

"What is a silent partner?"

"One whose money takes for him."

Roan—How do you like my friend the aviator?

Joan—Oh, he's too flighty for me.—Philadelphia Record.

Wife—John, I haven't a skirt fit to wear.

Husband—Well, that's the style, isn't it?—Puck.

The meat trust can't control the price of venison. That's always deer.—Philadelphia Record.

Teacher—Ye call a thing "transparent" when we can see through it. Who can name such a thing?

Peter—A ladder.—Elizengraben Blatt.

"Is your husband a Socialist?"

"Indeed not. He just hates to go with me to make calls."—Free Press.

Bujones Mau—You are married, I suppose?

"Applaud for Job—No, sir, I've been sick—that's why I look that way."—Puck.

Observing Gent—Pardon me, madam, but your hair is coming down.

Lady (turning)—Alas!

## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the contributor must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. 7. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1913.

## NOTES.

Probate matter in Newport Town Council Records, restored volume 8.—E. M. T.

Corey, Elizabeth, Guardianship to William Corey, Aug. 4, 1740.—p. 108. Cranston, James, Administration to Edward Richmond, Oct. 6, 1740. Widow Eunice refused.—p. 117. Inventory Oct. 6, 1740.—p. 118. Account, Dec. 1, 1740.—p. 119.

Cupit, Elizabeth, Newport, widow, Administration to Robert Taylor and Edward Scott, Guilford, Conn., Ap. 6, 1741.—p. 145. Inventory.—p. 147. Cupit, John, Account.—p. 146.

Cupit, Elizabeth, Guardianship to Robert Taylor and Edward Scott, June 1, 1741.—p. 161.

Card, Deborah, Newport, widow, Will dated July 21, 1741; rec. Sept. 10, 1741. Ex. Job Almy of Tiverton and Job Townsend of Newport.—p. 188. Inventory Aug. 18, 1741.—p. 178.

Carr, Samuel, Newport, Inventory taken Aug. 2, 1739, p. 48.

Carr, Account, by Daniel Carr, executor, p. 108.

Channing, Mary, widow, Inventory, taken June 2, 1747, p. 156. Administration to son John Channing, June 1, 1741.—p. 157.

Chapin, Joseph, Account by guardian Job Bissell and Wm. Reed, July 6, 1741, p. 164.

Chase, Walter, Inventory presented Ap. 6, 1741, p. 148.

Downer, Caleb, Inventory Nov. 6, 1740, p. 180.

Dwyer, John, Will, Rec. Aug. 30, 1739, p. 30. Administration, to widow Johanna, Aug. 24, 1739, p. 49. Account Sep. 14, 1741, p. 185.

Dwyer, Robert, Inventory, presented Oct. 6, 1741. Shown by Hannah, widow of Robert, p. 191. Administration, to widow "Anna", Nov. 2, 1741, p. 201.

Ducous, Samuel, Newport Periwinkle, Will dated Ap. 12, 1739, Rec. June 20, 1739, p. 29. Administration, to Caleb Jeffers and Samuel Collier July 2, 1739, p. 83.

Dunn, Samuel, Newport, Dec. yeoman, Administration, to Samuel Holmes, Sept. 14, 1741, p. 186. (Ann, widow, refused to serve).

East, William, son of John East, Guardianship, to Samuel Dyer, Oct. 6, 1740, p. 115. Nicholas Easton appointed Dec. 1, 1740, p. 121.

Edson, Capt. Peter, Jr., Inventory, p. 162. Administration, to Widow Sarah July 8, 1741.—p. 163.

England, James, Newport Blacksmith, Inventory taken Sep. 29, 1739, p. 56.

Forrester, John, Newport, Glazier, Will dated June 8, 1738, Rec. Aug. 8, 1739, p. 44. Inventory Aug. 3, 1739, p. 45. Account, by Hannah Forrester, p. 106. Administration, Sep. 6, 1741.—p. 186.

Friend, Edward, St. Thomas, Jamaica, Will, dated Sept. 23, 1739, Executor, John Pulley, Bricklayer, of St. Thomas, now residing in Rhode Island.—p. 68.

Fromagot, Magdalen, (Fragment) Inventory taken, Dec. 11, 1735.—p. 5.

Fry, Joseph, Jun., Account, Date gone. After records of Ap. 16, 1740.—p. 87.

Gardner, James, Son of Wm. of Newport, dec., Guardianship to Matthew Stewart of New London, Oct. 30, 1738, p. 54. Abigail Gardner requested to give bonds over to St. Stewart, June 20, 1740, p. 95. Bonds delivered and accounts presented Aug. 18, 1740, p. 108.

Green, John, Newport yeoman, Will dated June 16, 1722, Rec. Aug. 8, 1740, Executors, wife Sarah and son John Green, p. 103-104. Inventory Aug. 4, 1740, p. 106. Adm. granted.

Green, William, Guardianship, to mother, Mary Green, widow of Wm., Nov. 2, 1741, p. 202.

Guppy, John, Inventory taken Dec. 1, 1739, p. 72.

Hager, Benjamin, Inventory, p. 84. Presented July 2, 1739, p. 85. Account, by Susanna Hager, executor, June 1, 1741.—p. 158.

Hall, George, Newport, Inventory, Presented May 11, 1741. Shown by Sarah Hall, widow.—p. 160. Administration, to Sarah Hall, widow, May 11, 1741.—p. 161.

Hall, Parker, Newport Cordwainer, Administration to widow Hannah, Sept. 2, 1740.—p. 110. Account Nov. 2, 1741.—p. 202.

Hall, Hannah, Newport Widow, Inventory, Presented Sep. 3, 1741. Additional Oct. 8, 1741.—p. 205. Administration, to Ebenezer Cole, Oct. 5, 1741.—p. 206.

Hallett, Capt. Samuel, Inventory taken Oct. 1, 1739.—p. 57. Account, by wife.—p. 76.

Harwood, Elizabeth, Daughter of Mary, Guardianship, to uncle, Simon Pease, July 22, 1741.—p. 169.

Harwood, Judith, Dan. of Mary, Guardianship, to uncle Simon Pease, July 22, 1741.—p. 169.

Harwood, Mary, Newport Shopkeeper, Adm., to William Paul, wife of Wm., Elizabeth and Judith Harwood, and dau. of Mary, p. 168. Inventory, July 22, 1741, p. 167-168.

Hatch, Mrs. Elizabeth, Guardianship, to uncle Jabez Brenton, Feb. 4, 1739, p. 76.

Hatch, Nathaniel, Newport Sill-maker, Will, (fragment), Presented in Council meeting, Sept. 25, 1739, p. 64.

Hedley, William, son of John, dec., Guardianship, to uncle Peter Barker, Nov. 11, 1741, p. 209.

Higb, William, Newport, Inventory, presented Oct. 6, 1740, p. 114.

Howland, Jabez, Will, Rec. Nov. 6, 1739, Executor, Isaac Mariadale, p. 61, 62, 63.

Hull, Josiah, Standford, Fairchild Co., Conn. Mariner, Will, dated Dec. 1, 1740, Rec. Dec.—. Executor, brother Samuel Hull, Fairfield, Conn. p. 132.

Adm. Dec. 22, 1740, p. 134. Inventory Dec. 28, 1740, p. 185. To be continued.

## Queries.

7406. ALBRE—Ancestry of Dorothy, widow of Nathaniel Potter, She married second, John Albre of Portsmouth, R. I.—F. T. H.

7406. ANDREWS—Ancestry of James Andrews of Scituate, R. I., where he appeared as early as 1748. He died there in 1790.—F. T. H.

7407. ANDREWS—Ancestry of Penelope, wife of James Andrews.—F. T. H.

7408. ANDREWS—Ancestry of Freely, wife of John Andrews, son of James Andrews. John Andrews died in 1787 and his widow married second, Nathaniel Cabot of Coventry, R. I.—F. T. H.

7409. ANGELL—Ancestry of Alice, wife of Thomas (1) Angell of Providence, R. I. He died in 1694, she in 1695.—F. T. H.

7410. BALLARD—Ancestry of Elizabeth Ballard, mother of the Esther who married Joseph (2) Jaques (Joseph (1) of Providence, R. I.—F. T. H.

7411. BATTEY—Ancestry of Dinah, wife of Samuel (1) Battey of Jamestown, R. I. She died 1698, Nov. 16.—F. T. H.

7412. BATTEY—Ancestry of Barbara, wife of Caleb (3) Battey (John (2) Samuel (1)) of Warwick, R. I. He was born in 1728 and died in 1790.—F. T. H.

7413. BROWN—Ancestry of Elizabeth, wife of Chad (1) Brown of Providence, R. I.—F. T. H.

7414. HURTON—Ancestry of William Hurton of Mashantucket, R. I. He died Feb. 20, 1714.—F. T. H.

## PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Captain Henry Church left Monday with fishing steamer Eugene F. Price for Norfolk, Virginia.

The funeral of John S. Freeborn was held from his late home, Rev. John Wadsworth conducting the services, Mrs. Charles B. Ashley and Miss Lois Ashley sang. The bearers were Richard R. Macomber, Frederick V. Tallman, George Faulkner and Benjamin Pierce. There were many floral tributes.

Mr. Freeborn was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Freeborn. He was one of three children, and is survived by one brother, William Frederick Freeborn. A sister, Mrs. Patience Shurtleff, of Providence died many years ago, as did Mr. Freeborn's wife. He had eight children, four of whom are living, Charles L., John and Ralph Freeborn and Mrs. Annie Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Holt and their son of New York, are here for the season and are the guests of Mrs. Holt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Borden.

At the graduation at Rogers High School several members of the graduating class were from Portsmouth, and they made splendid records. John Everett Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Brown, won the prize for typewriting. Alice Natalie Brayton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Brayton is the youngest person to graduate from the Rogers High School in all the forty years since its origination.

Miss Brayton is 16 years and five months. Philip Smoot, son of Mrs. Margaret Smoot made a fine record in mathematics.

Mr. Harry Dale of Greenfield, Mass., is here to spend a few days with his family.

Dogs have killed a number of hens belonging to Mr. Isaac Chase.

Miss Elizabeth Croucher has returned from New Orleans where she has been teaching in Straight University and is with her parents Mr. and Mrs. William J. Croucher.

Mrs. Ida Hathaway is spending the summer at Wakefield with her aunt, Mrs. Carwell.

Miss Ruth Coggeshall, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leander Coggeshall was quietly married on Sunday to Clarence K. Lucas of Fall River, at the parsonage of the Harrison St. Baptist Church by Rev. Joseph Buttrick.

The bride was dressed in white and wore a white hat trimmed with white plumes. She was attended by her sister, Mrs. Harrison Manchester who was gown in white. The groom was attended by Harrison Manchester. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas left on a trip to New York and upon their return they will reside at 711 Jefferson St., Fall River. Mr. Lucas is the son of Mr. Frank Lucas.

At a special meeting of the Town Council and Court of Probate, Arthur Ledoux was appointed custodian of the estate of his brother Silvanus Ledoux, giving bond for \$600 with Edward Brophy of Tiverton as surety. The appraisers are Vester Ledoux and Thomas Jackson. The petition of Arthur Ledoux to be appointed administrator was referred to the next regular meeting.

## SIXTY LIVES WERE LOST

Judge Finds No Negligence in Grover Factory Boiler Explosion

Plymouth, Mass., June 26.—The explosion and fire which destroyed the shoe factory of the R. B. Grover company at Brockton and caused the loss of more than sixty lives on March 20, 1905, were not due either to negligence on the part of the corporation or to incompetence of the engineer, according to the finding announced by Probate Judge Chamberlain, who was appointed auditor to hear the testimony in fourteen damage suits against the company.

The Grover factory fire was one of the worst in the history of New England. The boiler exploded with such force as to cause the collapse of the wooden factory building. Fire broke out in the ruins.

The suits were brought either by persons injured in the disaster or by relatives of victims, the plaintiffs alleging that the company was negligent and that the engineer was intoxicated.

## THREE DAYS MORE

## OF OUR

## 20 Per Cent. Cash Discount Sale

and Banner Days they'll be. Throughout the length and breadth of this little state has spread the glad news of an opportunity to get TITUS GOODS at a fraction of their real worth, and quick has been the knowing ones take advantage of it. This is your chance Miss Prospective Housekeeper. We'll hold your goods 'till you're ready for them, and think of the saving—enough to pay for the whole wedding expense. It is also your chance Mrs. Thrifty, such a saving will go a long way toward the summer vacation or the general household expenses.

## FOR 96 HOURS

Your money will give you the best the Country produces in Housekeeping needs of every sort at a fraction of what you'd pay elsewhere—anywhere.

## 6 Extra Specials

Purchases will be delivered to any point on the island as promptly as careful handling will permit.

2-inch Post Brass Beds	\$9.98	Family size Ranny Refrigerators	\$10.98
Solid Mahogany Colonial Rocking Chair	\$6.98	Canvas Bed Hammocks upholstered on national spring	\$5.98
9x12 Imported Porch Rugs green with figured borders	\$9.98	Large Arm Willow Porch Chairs in green or natural finish with cushion seat and back	\$6.98

## A. C. TITUS CO. 225-229 Thames St.

## The Savings Bank of Newport

(INCORPORATED A. D. 1819.)

## NOTICE.

The laws of Rhode Island require Savings Banks to publish in the month of July, 1913, a list of depositors whose books have not been presented at the bank within twenty years prior to June 30, 1913.

To avoid such publication, depositors and custodians of bank books are requested to present them at the bank to be written up.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

## "CALL FOR YOU, MR. JONES"

What happens when the telephone rings in YOUR office? Does some one shout across the office or down the hall that Jones, or Smith or Brown is wanted?

Let us tell you about our Extension Station Service. It places another telephone where it is most needed and cuts out the confusion, lost time and useless steps in the old order of things, beside increasing the efficiency generally.

Its saving in the little worries and bothers will show up on the balance sheet, too. Call the Business Office about it to-day.



## Providence Telephone Co.

CONTRACT DEPT. 142 Spring St.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

## A Cape Cod Vacation

FOR YOU THIS SUMMER

## The Cape's the Place

Where you'll keep cool, live at ease and sleep soundly; Where your family will enjoy the most comfort, benefit and pleasure;

Where you'll find the summer rest that you've always sought for, at a price you can afford to pay.

You've seen some lovely places. But—

## CAPE COD'S DIFFERENT?

Perfect bathing. Plenty of rowing, canoeing, sailing and motor-boating. Splendid fishing. A great place to play golf.

Before you decide where to go, read "Quaint Cape Cod" and "Buzzard's Bay."

SENT FREE. Address Vacation Bureau, Room 124, South Station, Boston. New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

He was one of a group of men discussing wiver. "My wife and I like to window shop," he said. "My wife never bought a hat in her life when I wasn't with her, and she never bought one that I picked out."—Indianapolis News.

The little daughter of a clergyman stubbed her toe, and said "Garn." "I'll give you 10 cents," said her father, "if you'll never say that word again." "A few days afterward she came to him and said: "Papa, I've got a word worth half a dollar now."

## Newport National Bank.

A semi-annual dividend of four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent have been declared payable on or after July 1, 1913.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

## Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I. Sheriff's Office.

BY VIRTUE OF AND IN PURSUANCE OF AN EXECUTION, Number 2016, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the eighth day of March, A. D. 1913, and returnable in the said Court September 18th, A. D. 1913, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the said day of March, A. D. 1913, in favor of the National Exchange Bank, a corporation created by law and located in the City of Newport, County and State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, against J. Stacy Brown, of said Newport, defendant, I, Stacy Brown, do hereby certify that on this day at 10 minutes past 4 o'clock P. M., I levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, J. Stacy Brown had on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1912, at 4 minutes past 10 o'clock A. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to certain lots or parcels of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northernly 87.8 feet on Francis Street, Easterly 119.27 feet partly on land of Charlotte B. L. Noyce and partly on land of W. V. Vardley, southerly 61 feet on land of Sarah C. Woolley and Westerly 107 feet on Everett Place. Be all said measurements more or less or however otherwise bounded or described, all being the same premises quitclaimed to J. Stacy Brown, by deed from Lewis Brown, dated July 5th, 1902, and recorded in Vol. 76, page 16, of said Land Evidence of the City of Newport.

2nd parcel: Easterly on Spring street thirty (30) feet, southerly on land formerly of Thomas S. Howard, forty nine (49) feet, Westerly on land now owned by George Easton, seventeen 6'10" (17.6) feet, Northernly on said land now or formerly of said Abby Easton thirteen (13) feet, then Easterly on land of W. V. Vardley, southerly 61 feet on land of Sarah C. Woolley and Westerly 107 feet on Everett Place. Be all said measurements more or less or however otherwise bounded or described, all being the same premises quitclaimed to J. Stacy Brown, by deed from Lewis Brown, dated July 5th, 1902, and recorded in Vol. 76, page 16, of said Land Evidence of the City of Newport.

Also a tract of land in said City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: An undivided interest in and to that certain lot or tract of land situated in said Newport and bounded as follows: Westerly on Bliss Mine Road 24.84 feet, Northernly on land conveyed by Isaac G. Clarke to the New York Hospital, A. T. French, A. T. Anthony Thomas and George Goulin and by William Road, and said to contain about 360,700 square feet of land, be the said measurements more or less or however otherwise bounded or described. It being the same parcel of land devised to Lewis Brown and John Howard by John A. C. Stacy by will dated May 2, 1882, and by a codicil of July 2, 1882, and being Let 19 on Plat 41 as shown on the Assessors Map of the City of Newport.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 3d day of July, A. D. 1913, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if any.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

67-4w

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil

Mica Axle Grease

Sold by dealers everywhere Standard Oil Co. of New York

Mark Twain once missed the train which should have taken him to his work. He did not wire any excuse. His telegram to his employer took this form: "My train left at 7:30. I arrived at the station at 7:35 and could not catch it."

SITUATION WANTED by gardener. (Pri vate place.) First class recommendations. Five years in Rhode Island. Age 33, married, one child. A lifetime. Twenty years experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and tender. Vegetable etc.

Address S. W. S. Box 82, Peace Dale, R. I.

"RENT FREE"—Cottage out of repair and several acres on salt water. Only expert fisherman and gasoline expert need apply. ROOM 74, 2 Wall Street, N. Y. C.

## He Was the Best.

A very pompous and self asserting man owned an umbrella store in New York. One day a new clerk came to him and said:

"I think we're going to have some rain."

"We're going to have some rain," replied the boss. "What d'you mean, we're going to have some rain? Lucky here, young fellow. I'm the boss of this shop, and when it rains I have it, you don't. Who took you into the firm?"—Exchange.

## Why He Laughed.

A snub side woman sent her small son with a note to his father, asking him to purchase some groceries and send them home in the little fellow's wagon.

"I could not find papa, so I gave the note to the groceryman," announced Harold indignantly, and "he just laughed and laughed. This is what the note said:

"Dad—Please get some sugar and rice in Harold's wagon. Tootele." Kansas City Star.

## Annual Meetings.

## Cincinnati of Rhode Island.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to act of the General Assembly of February 28th, 1911, that the annual meeting of the "Society of Cincinnati in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," instituted by order of the Rhode Island Continental Line of the Revolution, on June 24, 1913, will be held according to law in the Senate Chamber, State House, Newport, R. I., on July 4, 1913, at 10:30 o'clock a. m. Members of the Society of Cincinnati in other States are invited to attend.

All persons having claim to membership are requested to transmit them immediately to the undersigned.

U. L. F. ROBINSON, Secretary.

Dated, June 28, 1913.—4-28-13w

## Carr's List.

TANGLES.

By Margaret Cameron

MY PAST.

By Countess Marie Larisch

LO MICHAEL.

By Grace L. H. Lut

LADDIE.

By Gene Stratton Porter

21-25 THAMES ST.

Tel. 638.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Notice to Registry Voters.

All persons who are required to register in their names in order to vote in this city during the present year are hereby notified that they must register in person at the City Clerk's Office before 9 o'clock p. m., Monday, June 24, 1913.

The office is open from 9 o'clock a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m., daily, and for the accommodation of those who cannot register in the day time the office will be open evenings from 6 o'clock p. m. to 9 o'clock p. m., Monday, Wednesday, June 3; Saturday, June 7; Wednesday, June 11; Saturday, June 14; Wednesday, June 18; Saturday, June 21, and on every evening from and including Monday, June 22 to and including Monday, June 24 (Sunday excepted).

F. N. FULLERTON, City Clerk.

67-4w

## MEET ME AT BARNEY'S

You'll Enjoy These

Summer Evenings

If you can adjourn to the veranda or lawn and hear a few favorite selections played on your

Victor or Victrola

If you haven't a Victor or Victrola you are missing much enjoyment that could be yours for a very small investment.

See our Victrola at \$15.

BARNEY'S Music Store, 140 Thames St., Newport, R.I.

## NEW MODEL

MULTIPLEX HAMMOND

TYPEWRITER